Would tempt vnto a cloſe exploit of death.
Boy. My Lord, I know a diſcontented Gentleman,
Whoſe humble meanes match not his haughtie minde,
Gold were as good as twentie Orators,
And will no doubt tempt him to any thing.
King. What is his name?
Boy. His name my Lord, is Tirrell.
King. Goe call him hither preſently.
The deepe reuoluing wittie Buckingham,
No more ſhall be the neighbour to my counſell,
Hath he ſo long held out with me vntirde,
And ſtops he now for breath?
Enter Darby.
How now, what newes with you?
Dar. My Lord, I heare the Marqueſſe Dorſet
Is fled to Richmond, in thoſe parts beyond the ſeas where
he abides.
King. Catesby. *Cat.* My Lord.
King. Rumor it abroad
That Anne my wife is ſicke and like to die,
I will take order for her keeping cloſe:
Enquire me out ſome meane borne Gentleman,
Whom I will marry ſtraight to Clarence daughter,
The boy is fooliſh, and I feare not him:
Looke how thou dreamſt: I ſay againe, giue out
That Anne my wife is ſicke and like to die.
About it, for it ſtands me much vpon.
To ſtop all hopes whoſe growth may damage me,
I muſt be married to my brothers daughter,
Or elſe my kingdome ſtands on brittle glaſſe,
Murther her brothers, and then marry her,
Vncertaine way of gaine, but I am in
So farre in blood, that ſin plucke on ſin,
Teare falling pittie dwels not in this eye.
Enter Tirrel.
Is thy name Tirrell?
Tir. Iames Tirrel, and your moſt obedient ſubiect.
King. Art thou indeed?

Tir

Line 33 ſin will pluck—